VENGEANCE

By BURKE JENKINS.

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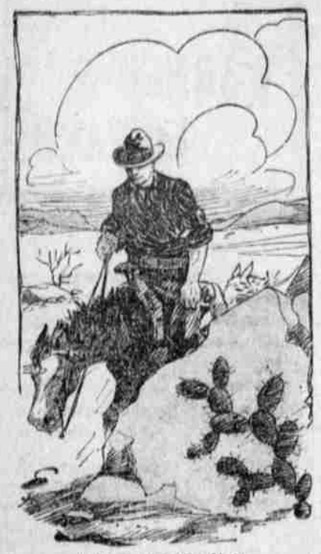
Straight up the shimmer of heat rose from scorching sand, unflecked by a palmful of wind. A blistering sun still beat upon the back of the traveler headed west; for it was not yet noon.

The squeaking stirrup-leathers chafed raspingly against the cowhide boot-legs in the monotony of the little pony's pace, while slung holster and felt-covered canteen thumped the thigh with occasional irregularity. The pack animal, head extended in unwilling lead, and out of time to the mount, clattered stones in wearied clumsiness.

The horseman wore a blue flannel shirt, two buttons open at the throat and sleeve-roiled to the elbow, revealing a thick chest and forearms, deeply browned and sinewy.

Occasionally, at a stumble of the little beast that seemed to feel the heat, the man would jerk him up and, for a moment, would be somewhat shaken from the thoughts which set the broad upper lip in lines of tension. The dust, fine-powdered and alkali white, rose and settled into the very weave of the clothes.

The sun passed overhead and began to look under the hat brim. It was already past time for the mid-day halt. No spot differed from another sufficiently to mark any distinction as a resting place; so, with the indifference of worn custom the traveler grunted a halt and swung himself slowly from



It Was Not Yet Noon.

the saddle. He flung the bridle lines forward over the head of the little pony that, head down and rooted to the untied lines of command, stood panting, bellows-sided and with pulsating nostrils.

With a stiffness of step reminiscent of the saddle, the man went back to the pack animal and unfastened two morrals. Into each of these feeding bags he poured a measure of corn and then slipped them over the panting noses. The beasts crunched away at the grains instinctively, but with little of the zest of appetized enjoyment.

He loosened the cinch girt and drew off the heavy saddle tree, flung it beside the horse and removed the damp blanket beneath which the hair lay wet and plastered, with the edges foamed. He stroked the hot back and examined where the saddle had galled; then he turned and took from a saddle-bag a half-dozen biscuit and seated himself Turk-fashion alongside the trail.

He munched this dry fodder, which clung to the teeth, and strove to wash it down by applications of the canteen of water, alkali-whitened and cutting. The pewter neck tasted bitter and the gurgle lent no refreshment.

The sun was at its hottest. He took off the broad-brimmed felt hat, which was sweated through to the unraveled ribbon, and fanned his red-banded forehead. The brain was becoming numb to reason and taking on the fire of the desert.

He got to his feet with a curse, took the morrals from the horses and, throwing out the few remaining grains, restored them to the pack. Mounting again, he pulled down the hat brim and kept on toward the sun, now an hour toward setting. The country rolled with the incessant waves of the prairie, hill and divide, with here and there the gnarled mesquite bushes, thorny and forbidding, deep, strongly-rooted, and almost covered by the sand storms when the wind did blow.

A quick jump beside the trail just ahead startled both horse and rider, and the plains jack-rabbit made off, a streak of swift, gray ungainliness. Then, again, only the muffled thud, thud of the hoofs in sand came to consciousness.

The rider, head bent in a sort of apathy, was mechanically droning over an old tune to the rhythmical step. And all the time the sun still dazzled down upon him and the demon of the lone prairie was still working. The trail led on in its faintness.

Horse and rider topped a rise. A divide of unusual breadth lay before them. A change came over both man and beast. Each had spied a clump of trees; an oasis of welcome shade and, maybe, water. Even the pack animal quickened pace.

There, in a nest of green, trickled a spring.

He sprang from his horse and buried his face in the coolness. Unsaddling his mount, he took the pack from the other pony and led them to the water. The worn animals drank their fill, the undulations of swallowing running ripples up their tired necks. Even after they had enough, they kept their noses in the appreciated nectar, loth to leave, and with eyes half closed in contentment.

Busied at fire-making, the man caught sight of a speck that was heading towards the clump of trees from the west. Leading his horses aside, he stamped out the new blaze, drew a Colt 45 and waited behind a favoring shelter.

The newcomer came more plainly into view, zig-zagging along the almost indiscernible way. Trails that lead anywhere are never straight.

The features of the man in waiting tensioned. The man from the west swung along in the easy abandon of one who has found a good berth.

Within 50 feet of meeting the hidden pack animal coughed. The newcomer straightened, drew, and scanned. The man in ambush holstered his weapon, stepped with easy nonchalance into view and sang out:

"Heigho! You shore travel mighty quiet. Come on up. Just building a blaze. All-fired fine day for the night, ain't it?"

The other's attitude eased and he rode on up, followed by a pack-weighted burro.

"Gave me sort of a jolt," said he. "You know, I didn't see you at all."

"Haven't been here long myself," was the answer from the lips that had not yet lost their determined set, although the tone of voice was genial and the welcome had the note of heartiness.

The new man dismounted and jangled his way up to the other.

"Shake!" said he.

The other stretched out his hand.

"Tom Worth!" exclaimed the arrival.

"Yes, but how the devil did you know it?"

"Why, I'm Jim Throng. Don't know me in this growth, eh? Remember when I gave you that scar with Jemima's chicken hatchet when we were kids playing Indians back yonder?"

Tom's firm mouth supplied, and he smiled in quiet reminiscence.

"Well," said he, "I'm more surprised than you are, for I sure wasn't expecting to meet—you."

They bustled about frying-pan and coffee, and, with the accompaniment of the near-by crunching beasts, they sat about their meal.

"Say, Tom, I've been through it, I tell you; but I've got the dust at last."

Jim drew from his shirt a bag and fingered its yellow contents.

"At the mines," he explained. "More in the pack, too," pointing to where it lay.

"Tell me all about it, Jim," said Tom, thumbing and lighting a well-crusted pipe. "It's been at least seven years since I've seen you."

Quiet had come upon him and he lay back in attentive attitude.

"Well," began Jim, "I ran away west before you did. Ups and downs! Of course, most downs. Then I struck Palto back here a strip. Pretty decent place. Ever hit it?"

"Just come from there yesterday," drawled Tom in answer.

"Then you know it. Well, I rioted around the place a little till I fell in love with as pretty a girl as you ever did see. Such a face—hand—foot!"

"So?" smiled Tom.

"Yep. I didn't have any wherewith; so the old man—nice old chap, too—told me if I'd buck up and win out I could have her."

"She love you, too?"

"Said she did. Anyway, she promised both the old man and me she'd marry me when I came back. I struck for the mines, and, by Gad! I've won out, as you see, and back I go. Wonder I'm a little joyful?"

"I should say not. My hand on it, Jim."

They spread out their blankets, feet to the dying fire, and adjusted the high cantled saddles for pillows. Jim was the first to reach that quiet preceding sleep, and just before he slid from consciousness he murmured a girl's name.

The sting of that name, so unexpected, brought Tom to a sitting posture. The rising moon, in prairie clearness, shone on his blanched face.

He quietly lighted a match and, pipe between knees sat until the gray dawn that chills the toes. Little by little that old, grim determination settled itself back into those hard lines of fixity.

As the red streaks first appeared he rose calmly, drew a service-worn sheath-knife and stepped over toward the sleeping man. Jim moved and the bag of gold-dust fell from his shirt-front. Tom reached for it and tossed it aside. It fell near a grazing pony. The animal snuffed at the pouch, then turned aside and clipped another mouthful of grass.

Jim's shirt lay partly open and the knife gleamed close.

The next second Tom stepped quietly away.

Tom gazed long at the spokes of the rising sun, the knife still clenched. He raised it to his own blue shirt. The point parted the weave. He stopped.

With calm deliberation he stroked the blade across his breeches and sheathed it. He went and started a fire. The ponies looked interested.

After a while Tom stepped over to the bag of gold, brought it back and lay it beside quiet-faced Jim. Then he tapped the shoulder of the sleeper.

"I say, Jim, old man, the coffee's boiling."

A NEAR-PRESIDENT NOW

How Railroad Discipline Wins in the Long Run.

Mr. Harvey, the commuter, was painfully reading the latest story of the trusts' alleged wickedness when Mr. Bolting, freight conductor off duty, shoved his labor journal in his face with a heavy finger laid upon a name at the top of a capitalized list of new executive officers of a great western railroad.

"There'll be harmony in that board, all right," chuckled Mr. Bolting. "You knew our old division superintendent, didn't you?"

"Only slightly, thank you," said Mr. Harvey, studying the name. "A soft-spoken, short, stout Irish gentleman, with a cast, I think."

"The same," observed Mr. Bolting, "with a glass eye, a bull neck, and short mustache, just turnin', and them shoulders, hey?

"I'll tell you about the time he had the short-spoken, tall, thin German gentleman who's runnin' the engine to-day up for discipline—"

"Oh, don't!" pleaded Mr. Harvey. "The whole train knows that story. Here, read this life insurance piece. It's scandalous."

"Thanks," pursued Mr. Bolting, relentlessly, laying the newspaper a-top of his full dinner pail. "The engineer used to have a dirty Dutch temper when he was firin' and so all hands just couldn't help plaguin' him, till one day the baggage master overdid it out on the branch line and got him goin'."

Mr. Harvey sank back. Through near-closed eyelids he watched the smooth, spiral revolving of the telegraph poles as the flier shot along. Mr. Bolting, like the train, went on.

"Say, it was scand'lous! The pair of 'em fought all over the sidin' and switches in plain sight of the Pullmans and all them swell commuters. They held her, too, for nigh on to two minutes before the rest of the crew could drag 'em back on their jobs.

"They had two full days to think it over before things happened. Then the baggage master got shifted to a long, heavy, local run where he wouldn't have time to rag firemen or anythin' else but trunks and baby wagons, and the fireman was ordered upstairs.

"The boss believed in settlin' things man to man. When there was trouble on the road he'd find out who was at the bottom of it, and then, like as not, he'd call the man up to his private office, snap the door, and tell him what he thought about it till the man would hit him or quit."

"I recall," said Mr. Harvey, "he told the Y. M. C. A. that good railroad material was very scarce, and that when the road got the men it wanted it offered them every inducement to—"

"Don't interrupt," snapped Mr. Bolting. "And then, as I was sayin', he'd give discipline accordin', with never a cent to pay. He didn't go much on finin' or suspendin'.

"So he spoke his piece to the fireman and the fireman told him he wouldn't dare say that to him out on the tracks. The boss said it all over right there, and the fireman told him he was too old and too little, and that he wouldn't hit a one-eyed man anyhow.

"Then the boss said things about the Dutch in general and the Prussians in partic'lar, and told the fireman he was some other kind of a 'fraid cat beside.

"Not hearin' nothin' for half an hour, the chief clerk called the operator and the private secretary to back him up and open the door.

"Say, it was scand'lous. There was the superintendent of division and the fireman lyin' on the carpet huggin' each other. They'd upset every stick of furniture exceptin' the big desk. They'd slammed that into a window and swept it clear. The boss's bad eye was knocked clean out of his head and t'other was shut. The fireman couldn't see out of either of his, neither. And there they lay, the boss and the fireman, both clean winded, huggin' each other, and still passin' each other love taps, like innercent children.

"Well, a company doctor worked on 'em till after dark before they was fit to send home to their wives. An' the boss didn't fire the fireman, neither. He gave him a locomotive of his own before the year was out."

"But these trusts are simply awful. We voters must get together the next big election," suggested Mr. Harvey, wearily reaching for his newspaper.

Mr. Bolting quickly transferred it to his own inside pocket.

"Same as me and you and the rest of the train did last time, hey?" he retorted, pleasantly smiling upon his companion and close buttoning his leather-lined pea-jacket. "Cheer up. The comet's comin'."

Condemns "Moral Parasites."

A Jewish clergyman in Brooklyn writing about people who habitually attend services at the synagogue without contributing toward its maintenance calls them "moral parasites" and describes them further as "individuals whose religious life steals its substance from others." He says there are women "parasites" also and that he has known women "to beat or steal their way through religious life."

Weedy.

"Maude" wants to know a good method of exterminating weeds from her flower garden. Ever try having them extracted by a painless dentist, Maude?—Exchange.

WILL DARN OWN SOCKS.

Bridegroom Also Agrees to Wash Dishes and Grow Beard.

Chicago.—The latest in marriage contracts was brought to light the other day when it became known that Frank Marchant and Miss Belle Ryerly, well-known figures in Park Ridge society circles, had eloped to Milwaukee and were married.

Marchant, who was one of the most persistent suitors the world of love has ever known, signed the following contract before Miss Ryerly consented to the ceremony:

To darn his own socks.

To give up smoking.

To attend church meetings regularly.

To wash the supper dishes every day except on Sunday.

To wear whiskers (if he can raise them).

To visit his mother-in-law at least four times a month.

To kiss his wife before and after every meal except on Sunday.

While it may be inferred from this that Mrs. Marchant is the director of the family, she is in no sense one of the so-called "new" women. She says frankly that, as she was attractive enough to marry any available young man in Park Ridge, she concluded to lay down a few laws for the man whom she accepted.

She does not like to wash dishes and thinks one-third of the labor should go to the man. She is not averse to darning socks, but believes a man will be more careful of his footwear if he mends the holes therein. Smoking she will not tolerate. As for whiskers, she says:

"A newly-married man is bound to kiss his wife, and if he does not shave morning and night her complexion will soon be ruined. Most men shave every other day, hence my husband must raise a beard.

HER NAME WAS ON A BISCUIT.

Romance Begun at Time of Earthquake Has Happy Ending.

Fresno, Cal.—A biscuit and the San Francisco fire of a year ago have brought about an interesting romance. The two young people who figure as hero and heroine of the story are S. M. Evans, editor of the Fresno Tribune, and Miss Mattie Babcock, well known in society here.

Fresno was one of the first towns to proffer aid to the stricken people of San Francisco. Carload upon carload of cooked food and clothing was sent to relieve the sufferers. Miss Babcock, among others, contributed to the supply, sending a quantity of dainty biscuits. In a spirit of jest a friend of hers wrote Miss Babcock's name and address upon the bottom of one of the biscuits. Several days later it fell into the hands of Evans, who was at that time residing in San Francisco. Pleased with the quality of the biscuit and entering into the spirit of the joke, he wrote to the young lady thanking her for the biscuit she had sent him.

Correspondence came quick and fast between the two, until finally Evans made up his mind to come down and see the fair cook. The inevitable followed, and now young Cupid is crowing over his victory in the biscuit factory. It is rumored the wedding will follow soon.

FIND BURROS VERY USEFUL.

Much of the Transportation in Mexico Done by These Animals.

Washington.—Vice Consul General Albert de Baer, of Mexico City, reporting on the commercial possibilities of the Mexican burro, says:

"The Mexican burro, or donkey, in spite of its lowly condition and almost poetical patience, has played an important role in the commercial life of this country as one of the means of transportation of merchandise. The traffic between the railroad stations and interior points must still be handled by burro transportation. While the ox cart is in use in many parts of the country, the burro is much the swifter carrier. The burro is also an important factor in the mining industry, chiefly as an ore carrier.

"In the cities he serves in a variety of capacities, being used to carry charcoal, vegetables, forage or any other article that his master desires to transport, a matter gauged by the strength of the burro's back.

"An animal of average weight, 500 pounds, will carry in the neighborhood of 220 pounds and travel an average distance of 36 miles per day."

Gift Sword in Pawnshop.

Trenton, N. J.—The handsome gift sword presented during the civil war by the city of New York to First Lieutenant Henry M. Judah and recently found in a pawnshop in this city, is to be reclaimed by the state and forwarded to the late lieutenant's nephew, Henry R. Judah, assistant general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific railroad, now living in San Francisco. The sword originally descended to a relative who is supposed to have pawned it here.

Uncle Responds Liberally.

El Paso, Tex.—George E. Spencer, sick in the county hospital and penniless, wrote to an uncle in Butte, Mont., whose name he will not give, but whom he had never seen, asking for aid, and to-day the American National bank was advised by wire by the uncle that $7,500 was placed to the sick man's credit. Cashier Wyatt, of the bank, removed the man to a comfortable room in a hotel. Spencer's wife is in Omaha and will be sent for.

REAP DEATH HARVEST

HEAVY SACRIFICE OF HUMAN LIVES IN PITTSBURG MILLS.

Coroner's Statistics Show That City's Industries Exact Awful Toll of Workers—Half of Fatalities Due to Violence.

Pittsburg.—"Human lives sacrificed upon the altar of industry," might well be the title of the blotter in the office of the coroner of Allegheny county, a volume that mutely proclaims upon its pages what it costs besides money for Pittsburg and its district of smoky mills and grid-ironed territory to maintain its prestige in the milling, mining and mercantile marts of the country and retain its title of "workshop of the world."

This volume, an official record demanded by the laws of the commonwealth, shows that almost 50 per cent. of the deaths are violent and are the result directly and indirectly of the unceasing grind of the industries in the Pittsburg district, that are continually driven, night and day, to supply the demands of the world's markets. Deaths from natural causes, contagious diseases, suicides, murders and accidents met in the ordinary walks of life are not considered in this percentage attributed to the "industrial juggernaut."

Last year 2,660 deaths were reported, of which 819 resulted from accidents in mills, mines or on railroads, the industries most essential to the progress of Pittsburg. Many reasons are assigned to the reports of investigations of individual cases. Some of the victims were burned by molten metal, a blast furance burst, or a huge ladle was upset in the steel mills; others were caught in the rolls of a plate mill and some crushed in the machinery of the mills.

Many were killed in mines by falling slate, some by gas explosions and others by falls from derricks, scaffolds and like structures. Not a few met their death while working about the numerous electric cranes, those huge mechanical arms that with almost human precision pick up massive pieces of structural steel about the plants and place them wherever may be indicated, at the simple moving of a lever.

While in the aggregate these figures may seem abnormal they are recorded so regularly that their magnitude is not realized. The average number of deaths reported to the coroner is about 250 a month and there is little variation from this from year to year. For the first five months of the present year there were 1,905 deaths, 344 of which may be classed as "sacrifices." For the same period in the preceding year there were 1,015 deaths, of which 350 may be put in the same category.

Not all the violent deaths, however, can be classed as accidents in the "workshop." The inordinate 'demand for labor necessarily attracts a large percentage of the country's immigrants. Six days in the week supplying the human force and muscular power to the integral machinery, these aliens, surfeited with the freedom of their newly adopted country, resort on their own holiday to the festivities and customs of their former homes. Weddings, christenings, balls and parties are held at which various alcoholic beverages are used most copiously. Quarrels result and frequently knives and firearms are used, and there are hospital cases to be cared for. Deaths not infrequently result from these sources, and so commonplace are these reports that it is counted as a "slow night" in local newspaper offices if at least a dozen have not been reported by Sunday midnight.

Comparing the loss of life by the accidents with the tonnage and production of the Pittsburg district, one life has been snuffed out for every 50,000 tons of coal that is shipped and the annual shipment of about 50,000,000 tons. For every 3,800 cars that carry freight out of or into Pittsburg, some soul has given up the ghost. This is exclusive of cars that are carrying freight through to other points. Every 6,700 tons of the 7,000,000 tons annual production of iron and steel has been put out at the cost of the life of one of the manipulators somewhere in its manufacture; and of the 800,000 tons annual output of steel rails every 870 tons has been put upon the market only after some one of its producers has laid down his life.

And these lives are given up while the incessant rush and grind continues, every day and every night throughout the year, the sacrificial altars marked by black clouds of smoke by day and the glare of mill furnaces on the skies by night, where the dust of the road to wealth is laid by the red dew of human blood.

Replace King Alfred's Church Organ.

London.—In the Church of Muchelney, the Somerset village famous for its historical associations with Alfred the Great, a new organ has been placed to succeed the remarkable instrument which has done duty there for the past 100 years.

To Investigate Wines.

Washington.—Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the division of chemistry in the agricultural department, has been engaged by the French government to make a scientific inquiry into the charge that French wines have been adulterated.

BEY TO SELL 17,000,000 STAMPS.

Turkish Minister Seeks Cash for Damascus Railroad Here.

Washington.—Chekib Bey, the Turkish minister, has announced that his government has a collection of 17,000,000 postage stamps, which will be sold at auction in August and the proceeds donated to the Hijaz railway, which is being constructed from Damascus to Beirut. The funds for building this railroad are being subscribed by the national government, the various municipalities and by citizens who desire to contribute. When completed the road will be operated by a commission designated by the government.

The collection of stamps which the Turkish government has contributed consists of more than 100 denominations, which have been issued by the Turkish government during 43 years. Minister Bey will receive bids for the collections and forward them to Constantinople.

Daily Market Report

EAST BUFFALO.

East Buffalo, N. Y., July 26.—Receipts 300; quiet at steady values.

Calves—Receipts 1,000; trade brisk. Values 50c higher; top veals, 8.50 @ 8.75; cull to fair, 4 @ 8.25.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts 800; active and firm; spring lambs, 5.50 @ 8; yearlings, 6 @ 6.50; wethers, 5.50 @ 6; ewes, 4.75 @ 5; mixed sheep, 4.75 @ 5.25; cull sheep, 2.50 @ 4.25.

Hogs—Recipts, 6,800; active, 5 @ 10c higher; yorkers, 6.75 @ 6.80; pigs, 6.85 @ 6.90; mixed grades, 6.70 @ 6.75; heavy weights, 6.65 @ 6.70; roughs, 5.25 @ 5.75; stags, 4 @ 4.50.

UNION STOCK YARDS.

Union Stock Yards, Ills., July 26.—Cattle—Receipts2,500; estimated for tomorrow, 500; market slow, weak. Prime beves, 5.75 @ 7.30; poor to medium 4.40 @ 5.65; stockers and feeders, 2.50 @ 4.90.

Hogs—Receipts 18,000; estimated for tomorrow 14,000; market 5 @ 10c higher; light, 6.10 @ 6.50; rough, 5.65 @ 5.95; mixed 6.05 @ 6.50; heavy 6 @ 6.35; pigs, 5.85 @ 6.40.

Sheep—Recipts 6,000; estimated for tomorrow 3,000; market slow, steady; native shep, 4.25 @ 5.80; native lambs, 3.50 @ 5.75; western sheep, 5.25 @ 7.30; western lambs, 5.25 @ 7.30.

CLEVELAND.

Cleveland, July 26.—Hogs—Receipts 40; shipments 1500; market steady. Yorkers 6.60; mediums 6.25; heavies 6.25; best pigs 6.70; stags and roughs 4@5.40.

Calves—Receipts 150; steady. Good to extra 7.50@8.

Sheep and lambs—2 cars; steady; good to extra lambs 7.50.

Cattle—Four cars; slow.

PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 26.—Cattle—Supply light; market steady; choice 6.50@6.75; prime 6.20@6.40; good 5.90@6.15; tidy butchers 5.60@5.85; fair 4.75 @ 5.25; heifers 3@5.

Sheep and lambs—Supply light; market steady; prime wethers 5.30@5.40; fair mixed 4.25 @ 4.85; good mixed 5 @ 5.25; heavy and thin 4.50 @ 5.50.

Hogs—Receipts 35 doubledecks; market fairly active; prime heavy 6.25 @ 6.30; medium and heavy yorkers 6.25 @ 6.70; light packers and pigs 6.70 @ 6.75; foughs 4.50 @ 5.25; stags 3.75 @ 4.25.

NEW YORK PRODUCE

New York, July 26.—Butter—Receipts 6437; moderate demand; creamery extra 25 @ 25 1-2; state dairy finest 24 @ 1-2; imitation creamery firsts 22; factory firsts 21 @ 21 1-2.

Eggs—Receipts 8371; choice firm; nearby white fancy 24 @ 25; do extra mixed 22 @ 23; western firsts 17 1-2 @ 18 1-2.

TOLEDO GRAIN.

Toledo, O., July 26.—Wheat—ash and July 90 1-2; September 91 5-8; December 95 1-2.

Corn—ash and July 56; September, 55 1-2; December 49 3-4; May 61 1-4.

Oats—ash and July 46 1-2; September 38 3-4; December 39; May 40 7-8.

Cloverseed—Cash 9.45; October 9.25; December and March 8.75; prime alsike, 8.00; prime timothy, 2.15.

Rye—No. 7, 76; No. 2, 75; No. 3, 70.

CHICAGO GRAIN.

Chicago, July 26.—Wheat—Sold off 1 1-2c. September ranging from 51 1-2 to 92 3-4, closing at 91 5-8; December from 95 1-4 to 96 1-2, closing at 95 3-8; May from 1.00 to 1.01, closing at 1.00 1-8.

Corn—Declined 3-8 @ 1c; September ranging from 53 1-4 to 53 7-8, closing at 53 3-8; December from 49 1-2 to 50 3-4, closing at 49 5-8; May from 50 3-4 to 52, closing at 51.

Oats—Quiet and 1-2c lower; September ranging from 38 5-8 to 39, closing at 38 5-8; December from 38 7-8 to 39 3-8, closing at 38 7-8; May from 40 3-4 to 41 1-4; closing at 40 3-4.